Cod Fisher Folk Joseph C. Lincoln Author of

"Cap'n Eri," "Partners of the Tide," Etc. Illustrations by T. D. Melvill

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I .- Mr. Selomon Pratt began

CHAPTER II.—The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, t was learned, was the successful suitor it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up.

CHAPTER III.—Sol Pratt was engaged as cook and the party decided to spend July Fourth in Eastwich.

CHAPTER IV.—They took lunch at Eastwich, Van Brunt, Hartley, Pratt and Hopper, attending.

CHAPTER V .- At Fourth of July cele CHAPTER V.—At Fourth of July cele-bration, Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the urchin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a flerce storm, which followed the picnic, Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Hartley, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall.

CHAPTER VI. Ozone Island.

I was pretty busy for the next good scared, don't say a word. Not scared for myself, you understand-no, indeed. When I get drowned, with a tight plank under me and a pair of oars in my hand, 'twon't be in the bay, I'll tell you that. But I was scared for Van Brunt and his lordship in the em know the jib from the rudder, to be of any use if he had.

But Van was sure to be cool enough, and the broken gaff would act like a double reef, so that was some comfort. And the squall wa'n't going to amount to nothing-'twas only a fair breeze even now-so if Van had sense enough to keep the tiller straight and let her run they'd fetch up somewheres alongshore, I judged. And, to wind with it; now 'twas blowing back | up the bay instead of out to sea.

So I squared my shoulders and laid to the oars, heading for where, judging by the wind, the land ought to be. 'Twas darker than a black kitten in a nigger's pocket, but I cal'lated to be able to hit the broadside of the United the flats five or six times, but along he says. towards midnight I butted ashore at was nothing but bushes and sand and so I answers: pines, no sign of civilization. And by this time 'twas pouring rain.

After a couple of years of scratching and swearing and falling down I come out of the scrub into a kind of clearing. Then I discovered a barbed wire fence by hanging up on it like a sheet on a line and located the back of a barn by banging into it with my head. Then a nice talkative dog come out of the barn and located me, and things commenced to liven up.

While me and the dog were conducting our experience meeting, a light showed in an upstairs window a little ways off and somebody sticks their head out and wants to know what's the matter.

"Who are you?" he says. "My name's Pratt," says I.

"Where are you?"

"Well," I says, " judging by the feel and smell I'm on top of the pig-sty. But I ain't real sure. I can tell you where your dog is, if you want to know."

'What are you doing round here this time of night?" he says.

I told him as well as I could. The dog was having a conniption fit, trying to bark itself inside out, and I had to say things over three or four times so's a body could hear. But the feller at the window wa'n't satisfied even then. I never see such a woodenhead.

"What Pratt did you say you was?" he hollers. I told him my name and where I

hailed from.

"Sol Pratt?" he says. "Of Wellmouth? What are you doing way over here?"

"Blast it all!" I yells. "If I wa'n't half drowned already I should say I was getting wet. Turn out and let a feller into the kitchen or somewheres, won't you? And tie up this everlasting dog."

That seemed to wake him up some and in ten minutes or so he comes poking out with a lantern. I knew him then. 'Twas Eberezer Holbrook, Huldy Ann Scudder's sister's husband, Might do for a reform school maybe, who lives over in the woods on the if you wa'n't particular how the reline between South Eastwich and forming was done." West Ostable. There was another

down and sobbed when he found I in the sand and hang on to your hat wa'r't to be fed to him—and we went and listen to the lonesomeness. I'd into the kitchen. Then Mrs. Holbrook forgot that Scudder owned it. When and Huldy Ann, rigged up tasty and becoming in curl papers and bed quilts, passed it on the outside; now we was floated downstairs and there was more

his lodgers was cast adrift in the bay | forever and nobody could run away." he was almost as worried and upset as I was. But Ebenezer agreed with us | thing I'd seen in a newspaper; "Hell's that there was a good chance of the got all them recommendations." sloop's getting ashore safe. He said room lounge for the few hours be- arm and pointed. tween then and sun-up, and in the morning me and Nate could take his ing up over the point there? There, yawl dory and cruise alongshore and behind those trees? Isn't it a boat's hunt. So I done it, though 'twas pre- mast?"

cious little sleep I got. About six o'clock we started. thought first I'd go up to Eastwich village and telegraph to Hartley. Then I thought I'd better not; no use to scare him till I had to. Nate had heard about the pig chase and Hartley's doings over there and he pestered the life out of me with questions

about that. "Queer that boy should turn out to be his brother, wa'n't it?" he says. "Whose brother?" says I, leaning , out over the yawl's side and watching for signs of the Dora Bassett.

Why, Hartley's," he says. "Brother!" says I. "'Twan't his brother. No relation to him."

"I heard different," he says. "I heard 'twas his brother, name of Oscar Dennis. And that woman from the school was his brother's wife. Some says she ain't living with her husband and some say Hartley's right name is Dennis and that she's his wife and he was down here hiding from her. Seems when that boy first dove into the crowd 'twas because he'd seen Hartley. They say that when that woman and this Hartley met, she sings out: 'My God! my husband!' That's what some says she said, and others says-"

says. "She wouldn't swear if he was her husband four times over; she ain't that kind. And she ain't his wife nor his sister nor his sister-in-law nor his grandmother's cat's aunt neither. She's no relation to him and neither's the boy. Who's been giving

you all this rigmarole?" It seems he'd heard it from a feller that lived next door to Ebenezer; and the feller had heard it from somebody else that had got it from somebody else and so on and so on. Nigh's I could find out it had started from It was built by old man Marcellus Hartley's telling me that the boy was a "brother outcast." Some idiot with built houses, didn't stick 'em together poor ears and worse brains had with wall paper and a mortgage, like thought he said "brother Oscar," and the whole string of yarns had sprouted from that. Shows you what good soil there is for planting lies down while 'tending to that skiff. And our way. If lies was fetching ten cents a barrel the whole neighborhood would have been rich years ago.

All the time me and Nate was powwowing this way the yawl was sailing up the bay towing my skiff behind her. There was a nice fair wind and a smooth sea and 'twas so clear after Dora Bassett. They didn't either of the rain that we could see the hills across the bay. But no sign could and the valet was too crazy frightened | we see of the Dora Bassett nor her passengers. I was getting more worried every minute.

We cruised along till we got abreast of the point from where the Old Home pier was in sight. But the sloop wa'n't at the pier. No use going any farther, so we come about and begun to beat back again the way we'd come. Scudder was worried too, but his worriment had caught him make me hope still more, the squall in the pocketbook; proves how dishad brought a complete change of ease will always get hold of a feller's tenderest place.

"Look here, Sol," says he; "do you cal'late Hartley 'll want to stay to my house if his chum's drowned?" "I don't know," I says, impatient.

"No, I guess not." "Well now, he agreed to take it for a month and there's five days to run States somewheres. I got aground on | yet. Ain't he liable for them days?"

I was feeling just mean enough to the little end of nowhere where there | want somebody else to feel that way,

> "Well, you can't hold a lunatic, cording to law. And you and Huldy Ann have agreed that he's crazy."

He thumped the boat's rail, "Crazy or not," says he, "I can't afford to lose them days. I shan't give him back sheet is." none of his money." Then he thought a minute and begun to see a speck t'other feller's drowning 'll make him ropes in sight." sick," he says. "Then he'll have to

stay longer than the month." Trust Nate Scudder to see a silver lining to any cloud-and then rip out the lining and put it in his

By this time he was beating in towards where the Neck Road comes down to the beach. And there on the shore was a feller hailing us. And when we got close in it turned out

to be Hartley himself. He was glad enough to see me, but when he found that Van and Lord James had turned up missing he was in a state. He'd been kind of scared when we didn't come back during the night and had walked down to the beach in the morning to see if he

could sight us. We headed off shore again. Nate suppose when he seen that the Twin sick, he begun to worry again. He got out a piece of pencil and an old envelope and commenced to figure.

"Mr. Hartley," says he, after awhile; 'about them lady friends of yours over to Eastwich. Do you cal'late they're going to like where they are? Seems to me a place that's as easy to run away from as that ain't the best place for a boys' school. If they was on an island now, the scholars couldn't run off. I know a nice island they could have cheap. Fact is, I own it-that is, Huldy owns it; it's in her name. That's it over there."

Hartley didn't answer. I looked where Nate was pointing. "Oh!" says I. "Horsefoot Bar. That's a healthy place for a school.

Horsefoot Bar is a little island about man with him and blest if it didn't | five miles from the Old Home House, turn out to be Nate Scudder himself. a mile and a half from the mainland, Him and Huldy was visiting over and two fock from the jumping-off there, same as he said they was going place. By the help of Providence, decent weather, a horse, two whips, and Nate had more than a million quest a boat, you can make it from Welltions to ask. Ebenezer tied up the mouth depot in three hours. And dog-the critter pretty nigh broke when you have made it, you can set him and I sailed up that morning we'd

between it and the beach. "It's a nice dry place," says Nate, When Nate found out that one of arguing, "and you might live there "Humph!" says I, thinking of some-

Hartley was looking at the Bar now. why didn't I turn in on his setting. All to once he grabbed me by the

"Sol," he says, "what's that stick-

I looked, and looked once more. From where we was you could see a part of Horsefoot Bar that was out of sight from the rest of the bay. As I say, I looked. Then I gave the tiller a shove that brought the boom across with a slat. It took Nate's hat with it and cracked him on the bald spot like thumping a ripe watermelon. Nate grabbed for the hat and I drove the yawl for Horsefoot Bar. I'd spied the Dora Bassett's mast over the sand-

In a jiffy we see her plain. She was lying on her side in a little cove, just as the tide had left her. Her canvas was down in a heap, partly on deck and partly overboard, but she didn't seem to be hurt none. I beached the yawl just alongside of her, dropped the sail, chucked over the anchor and jumped over myself. Hartley and Scudder followed. We was yelling like loons.

Up through the bunch of scrub pines we tore, still hollering. And then, from away off ahead somewheres. come the answer. I was so tickled ! could have stood on my head.

In a minute here comes Lord James to meet us. His lordship looked yellow and faded, like a wilted sunflower, "She never said no such thing," I and his whiskers seemed to be running to seed. But his dignity was on deck all right.

"Mr. 'Artley," says he, touching what was left of his hat; "'ope you're well, sir."

"Where's Van?" asked Hartley, brisk. "Mr. Van Brunt, sir? Up at the

'ouse, waiting for you, sir." "The house?" says Hartley. "The house?" says 1. Then I re

membered.

There is a house on Horsefoot Bar. Berry, and in Marcellus' day they they do now. Consequence is that, though the winter weather on Horsefoot made Marcellus lay down a considerable spell ago, his house still stands, as pert and sassy an old gableended jail as ever was. The house was there, and Scudder owned it Likewise he owned the sheds and barn in the back, and the sickly hunch of scrub pines, and the beach plum bushes, and the beach grass and the poverty grass and the world-withoutend of sand that all these things was stuck up in. As for the live stock, that was seven thousand hop-toads, twenty million sand fleas, and green-heads and mosquitoes for ever and ever, amen.

We fell into the valet's wake and waded through the sand hummocks up to the house. And there on the piazza, sitting in a busted cane-seat chair with his feet cocked up on the railing and the regulation cigar in his mouth, was Van Brunt, kind of damp and wrinkled so far as clothes went, but otherwise as serene and chipper a Robinson Crusoe as the average man is likely to strike in one life time.

Wa'n't we glad to see him! And he was just as glad to see us.

"Hello, skipper," says he, reaching out his hand. "So you got ashore all right. Good enough. I was a bit fearful for you after you left us last night."

After I left him! I liked that, And he was fearful for me.

"Humph!" says I, "I had a notion that 'twas you that did the leaving. Talk about dropping an acquaintance! I never was dropped like that afore! Look here, Mr. Van Brunt, afore you and me go to sea together again we'll have a little lesson in running rigging. I want to learn you what a main

"Oh," he says, careless like, "I guess I found it, after a while. At any rate of comfort. "Maybe the shock of if it's a rope I cut it. I cut all the

"You did?" says I, with my mouth

"Yes. That's an acrobatic boat of yours; it seemed to want to turn somersets. I judged that that sail made t top-heavy so I told James to take the sail down. He aidn't know how but we decided that the ropes must bave something to do with it. So I cut 'em, one after the other, and the sail came down."

"Sudden?" says I. "Well, fairly so. Some of it was in the water and the rest of it on James. I resurrected him finally and we pulled most of it into the boat. It went better then.

"Did, hey?" says I. I was learning seamanship fast.

"Yes," says he. "If I were you ! wouldn't have any sail on that boat. watched Hartley pretty close and I She does much better without one Then it began to rain and I got some didn't show any symptoms of getting of the dry sail over me. I believe l went to sleep then-or soon after." Nate Scudder's eyes was big as pre-

serve dishes. I guess mine was bigger

"Good Lord!" says I. "Did his-did James go to sleep too?" "No," says Van. "I think not. I be lieve James was holding some sort of

religious service. How about it, His lordship looked sheepish. "Well, sir," he says. "I don't know, sir. I

may 'ave been a bit nervous; I'm not used to a boat, sir." "I shouldn't mind your praying, James," Van says, sober as a deacon; 'if you didn't yell so. However, we got here on this island about five

o'clock, I believe. Rather, the boat came here herself; we didn't have anything to do with it." I never in my life! They say the Almighty looks out for the lame and

the lazy. Van Brunt wa'n't lame. "Well," says I. "I'll believe in spe-

cial Providences after this." Van jumped out of the chair. "By George!" he sings out. "Talking

of special providences; Martin, come He grabbed t'other Twin by the arm and led him down off the piazza and up to the top of a little hill near the house. The rest of us followed with-

out being invited. I know you couldn't have kept me back with a chain cable. I haven't visited many asylums and wanted to see the patients perform. "Look here, Martin," says Van, when we got to the top of the hill. "Look

around you." We all looked, I guess; I know I did. There was the old Berry house, square and weatherbeat and gray. And there was a derelict barn and a half dozen pig pens and hen houses stranded alongside of it. And there was Horsefoot bar all around us for a half mile or so, sand and beach grass and hop-



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden. It is to these faithful women that

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tion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it? Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass,

tion, fibroid tumors, irregularities,

periodic pains, backache, that bear-

ing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-

toads, all complete. And beyond on



"I Own It," He Says.

one side was the bay, with the water looking blue and pretty in the forenoon sunshine. And on t'other side was the mile and a half strip we'd just sailed across, with the heach and mainland over yonder. Not a soul but us in sight anywheres. The whole layout would have made a first-rate pho tograph of the last place the Lord made; the one he forgot to finish. "Look at it!" hollers Van. "Look at

it! Now what is it?" I begun to be sorry the keeper thought he was coming. I cal'lated to care for the roads in their charge.

puzzled. 'What is it?" he says. what? What do you mean?"

all. You old blockhead!" hollers Van, which have been found to be of greatweeks-it's the pure, una lulterated, drag. accept-no-imitations Natural Life!"

I set down in the sand. Things were clay or clay and gravel, deep plowing, knew it.

long breath. know but you're right."

him quick." He didn't have to say it but once Nate Scudder was so full of joy that he had to shove his hands in his pockets to keep from hugging himself.

"I own it." he says. "You do! Scudder, you're a gem. tin and I hire this place; do you understand? It's ours from this minute, for as long as we want it."

Nate commenced to hem and haw. "Well, I don't know," he says. "I don't know's I ought to let .you have it. There's been considerable many folks | The machine most generally used in

after it, and-"-"Never mind. They can't have it.

We cutbid 'em. See?" "What will we do for groceries?" asks Hartley, considering. "Scudder 'Il bring 'em to us." says Van. "Won't you, Scudder?"

I'm pretty busy now, and-" "We'll pay you for your time, of course.

sils and so on?" asks Hartley, considering some more. "Scudder'll buy 'em for us somewheres."

"And milk, and eggs, and butter?" ens and cow."

the cooking?" me on the shoulder.

the boy!" one minute that I'm going to quit my chine on a narrow road.

live, you're-" up! you're coming."

that? I groaned. "Live on Horsefoot Bar," I says.

"Live on it!" since I began to breathe here. Breathe, titches open. Martin," he says. "Draw a good breath. That's it. That's pure ozone. Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you. Ozone island."

Scudder grinned. He was feeling ready to grin at most anything just

'Ozone island. A restful name. Well, it's a restful spot. Isn't it, skipper?" "Yes," says I. "As restful as being buried alive; and pretty nigh as pleas-

[Continued Next Week.]

How to Make and Maintain Model Earth Highways.

USE OF LOG DRAG ADVISED.

Beware of Water and Narrow Tires. Says Ecderal Bureau of Public Roads-Best Implements to Use. How and When to Plow.

While American road builders are as capable of constructing good roads as those of any country of the old world they have not been as loyally sup ported as the men of those countries in maintaining the highways after coin pletion, and the deplorable state of many hundred thousand miles of road loop, after which they are drawn u is thus accounted for, says a bulletin from the United States office of public roads. County and township officials may at the outset stand the expense of having a road built, but they strenu ously object when asked to provide funds to rebuild the road that has been allowed to go to ruin. It is important that farmers learn of



ROAD GRADER AT WORK. earth roads, that county boards be impressed with the need of a proper maintenance of the same and that road hadn't arrived that time when I builders and overseers learn how best he was needed right now. Martin | The persistent and powerful enemies seemed to think so, too. He looked of earth roads are water and narrow tires, and the constant effort of the "What's men in charge of the roads should be to guard against their destructive ef-

"Why this whole business. Island fects and remedy all damage as quickly and house and scenery and quiet and as possible. The simple implements giving the other Twin an everlasting est assistance in this work are the bang on the back; "Don't you see? It's plow, the drag scraper, the wheel scrapwhat we've been looking for all these er, the road grader and the split log With a sandy soil and a subsoil of

coming too fast for me. If this kept so as to raise and mix the clay with on I'd be counting my fingers and the surface soil and sand, will prove playing cat's cradle along with the beneficial. The combination forms a rest of the loons pretty soon. I saud-clay road at a trifling expense. On the other hand, if the road be en-But, would you believe it, Martin tirely of sand a mistake will be made Hartley didn't seem to think his chum if it is plowed unless clay can be addwas out of his mind. He fetched a ed. Such plowing would merely deepen the sand and at the same time break "By Jove!" he says, slow; "I don't up the small amount of hard surface material which may have formed. If "Right? You bet I'm right! It's the subsoil is clay and the surface been growing on me ever since I scant in sand or gravel, plowing should landed. We'll be alone; no females, not be resorted to, as it would result in native or imported, to bother us, a clay surface rather than one of sand Here's a bully old house with some or gravel. A road foreman must know furniture, bedsteads and so on, already not only what to plow and what not to in it. I broke a window and climbed plow, but how and when to plow. If in for a rummage. Jolliest old ark the road is of the kind which, accordyou ever saw. Here's a veranda to sit ling to the above instructions, should be on, and air to breathe, and a barn for plowed over its whole width, the best a cow and plenty of room for a gar- method is to run the first furrow in the den and chickens-whew! Man alive, middle of the road and work out to the it's Paradise! And I want to locate sides, thus forming a crown. Results the man that owns it. I want to find from such plowing are greatest in the spring or early summer.

In ditches a plow can be used to good advantage, but should be followed by a scraper or grader. To make wide, deep ditches nothing better than the ordinary drag scraper has yet been devised. For hauls under a hundred feet I begin to love you like a brother. Mar. or in making fills it is especially serviceable. It is a mistake, however, to attempt to bandle long haul material with this scraper, as the wheel scraper is better adapted to such work. For hauls of more than 800 feet a wagon should be used,

road work is the grader or road machine. This machine is especially useful in smoothing and crowning the road and in opening ditches. A clay subsoil under a thin coating of soil should not be disturbed with a grader It is also a mistake to use a grader indiscriminately and to pull material 'Well, I don't know, Mr. Van Brunt. from ditches upon a sand-clay road. Not infrequently turf, soil and silt from ditch bottoms are piled in the middle of the road in a ridge, making "What about beds and cooling utea- mudholes a certainty. It is important in using a grader to avoid building up the road too much at one time. A road gradually built up by frequent use of

pleted at one operation. "Scudder-till we get our own chick- The foreman frequently thinks his road must be high in the first in-"And-er-well, a cook? Who'll do stance. He piles up material from ten inches to a foot in depth only to Van Brunt stoops down and slaps learn with the arrival of the first rain that he has foruished the material for "Pratt," says he "Pratt will come as many inches of mud." All material here and cook for us, and navigate us, should be brought up in thin layers, and be our general manager. Pratt's each layer well puddled and firmty packed by roller or traille before the "Held on there!" I sings out, "Avast next is added. A common mistake is heaving, will you. If you think for to crown too high with the road ma-

the grader will last better than if com-

summer job to come to this hole and | The split log drag should be used to fill in ruts and smooth the road EAST BOUND. "You're coming," says Van. "Never when not too badly washed. The drag mind the price; we'll pay it. Now shut possesses great merit and is so simple in construction and operation that What can you say to a chap like every farmer should have one.

Care of Culverts and Bridges. All kinds of roads have culverts "Horsefoot Bar?" says Van. "Is that bridges and ditches, and these should its name? Well, it's Horsefoot Bar no thways be attended to. Paint all iron more. I've been evolving a name ever and woodwork. Keep all culverts and

REVIVAL OF MACRAME.

Used This Spring as a Smart Drese Decoration.

The revival of macrame is predicted from across the seas, and already to "Ozone island?" says Hartley. Paris this knotted lace, beretofore attiized for household decorations, is be- Ar Jackson ing employed as dress garniture. Some of the smartest gowns by Parislan detrimmed with this lace.

The designs may be carried out in twisted silk, lustrine thread or, best of all, in the original macrame cottons or trains connect with Mountain Cenlinen threads, which are to be had in tral Railway for Pine Ridge and various degrees of coarseness or fine- Campton. ness. The usual way of working macrame is upon an oblong eushlon stuff- Trains Nos 2 and 4 connect with ed with emery powder to make it L&A Ry for passengers to and heavy and covered with some bright cofored materials

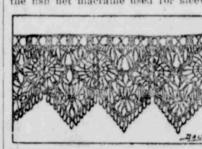
The knotting is really quite simple, and after a little experience patterns 3 and 4 with the Ohio & Kentucky are easy to reproduce, either from an for local stations on O & K Ry. Illustration or a piece of macrame. The first thing to do is to ascertain the number of threads that will be re quired to form one repeat of a pattern, and these in a well printed illustration can be counted along the top line of the lace. Each little section looking like a buttonhole stitch represents or long thread doubled so as to form two The cross thread is then laid along th cushlon and fastened down with pin at either end, and the double thread are attached by slipping the doubl ends under the cross thread, bringly them over and drawing through the



IN FISH NET PATTERN.

tightly. The length of the threads varies according to the elaboration of the pattern and whether a fringe of tassel finish is required or the lace i to be completed without either. For the handsome lace illustrated, which in a Paris shade has almost the effect of a beautiful old Greek lace, threads Depart of about a yard and a quarter long 5 45 a m were required. The knotting of the 1:45 p m single threads on to the "leaders" to form the crosses of the heading and Arrive the medallion below the second cross 8 00 a m Campton Jun 10 05 a m thread is quite easy to follow.

The portemonnaie, a dainty little affair in twine colored macrame made up over a scrap of old rose Du Barry brocade, is in the fish net pattern, formed by a series of Solomon's knots worked with alternating threads, a stitch that is now in great request for the fish net macrame used for sleeves



MACRAME FOR TRIMMING. and for whole blouses. Little blouse or coat ornaments are quickly executed in posted on politics. The macrame by simple knotting, which may be carried out in one, two or more colors, as desired.

To Remove Deposit From Teakettles. Is a Democratic Newspaper, but it To remove the deposit from the inside of teakettles fill the kettle with water and add to it a dram of sal ammonlac. Let it boil for an hour, when the fur, or petrified substance found on the metal, will be dissolved and can be easily removed. Rinse the kettle out well, then boil out once or wice before using the contents.

But She Wasn't Pretty. "She is very modest." "Has to be."

"Why?" "Anybody would to carry that face round.'

Wanted to Be Right. "You begun this letter 'Dear,' though t is to one unknown." "Yes. Should I begin it 'Goat?'

L. & E. RAILWAY

WINTER TIME TABLE. EFFECTIVE NOV. 18, 1906.

WEST BOUND.		o 1		. 3
		Sun.	170	ary
THE ROLL OF	A M		rn	
Ly Jackson	6	10	2	20
O. & K Junction	6	15	. 2	25
Elkatawa	6	20		30
Athol	6	40		52
Tallega	6	49		00
St. Helens	6	59		11
Beattyville Junct	7	07	3	20
Torrent		30		41
Campton Junet		48		17
Dundee	7	52		03
Filson	8	03	730	14
Stanton	8	15		26
Clay City	8	25		35
L& E Junet	9	00		07
Winchester		12		20
Ar Lexington	9	55		05
PAGE BORRE		No 2	N	0 4

signers for the coming summer are 1 and 3 will make connections with C & O Ry for Mt Sterling. CAMPTON JUNCTION - All

BEATTYVILLE JUNCTIONfrom Beattyville.

O & K JUNCTION-Trams No. CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A.

O. & K. RAILWAY

EFFECTIVE NOV. 19, 1906.

WEST BOUND	Daily I	Ex Sur
18	T CLASS J	D CLASS
	A. M.	P. 8
Ly Jackson	11 05	3 00
O & K Junction	11 15	8 10
Frozen	11 31	3 33
Vancleve	11 38	3 45
Wilhurst	11 44	3 55
Hampton	11 51	4 03
Rose Fork	12.05	4 30
Lee City	12 13	4 43
Helechawa	12 19	4 53
Ar Cannel City	12 35	5 20
The state of the s		

EAST BOUND Daily Ex Sun 2D ULASS IST CLASS A. M. P. M. Ly Cannel City 7 10 1 00 Helechawa 7 33 1 17 Lee City 7 45 1 23 Rose Fork 8 00 1 32 Hampton 8 24 1 44 Wilhurst 8 37 1 51 Vancleve 8 47 1 57 Frozen 8 56 9 04

O & K Junction 9 25 2 25 Ar Jackson 9 30 2 30 Sunday passenger train leaves Cannel City at 1 00 p m, returning leaves Jackson at 4 00 p. m.

M. L. CONLEY Gen. M'gr.

Mountain Central Arrive Campton 11 30 a m Campton 6 00 pm

4 00 p m Campton Jun 4 40 p m

Make connection with all L &

E passenger trains. will be President?

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